











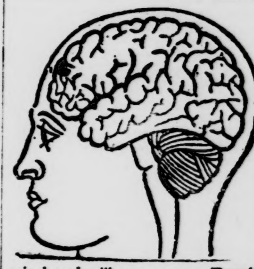






THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN  
**NERVINE TONIC**

**STOMACH AND LIVER CURE**  
The Wonderful **HEALTH BUILDER & NERVE FOOD**  
 Chronic Diseases are caused by Deranged Nerve Centres  
 at base of the Brain.



**L**A TE discoveries have absolutely proven that the Stomach, Liver, Lungs, and indeed all internal organs, are controlled by the nerve centres at the base of the brain. The manufacturer of **SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE** has studied this subject closely for more than twenty-five years, and has lately demonstrated that two-thirds of our Chronic Diseases, are due to the imperfect action of nerve centres, either within or at the base of the brain and not from a derangement of the organs themselves; hence that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong.

spinal cord, will at once cause **Paralysis** of the body below the injured part, it therefore will be equally well understood, how the derangements of the nerve centres, will cause the derangement of the different organs of the body which they supply with **Nerve Fluid or Nerve Force**.

The wonderful success of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE is due alone to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. The use of a single bottle of this remedy will convince the most incredulous. It is indeed, a veritable **Nerve Food** and **Will Relieve in One Day** the varied forms of Nervous Disease and Stomach Troubles.

**Nervous Diseases**

This class of diseases, is rapidly increasing each year, on account of the great wear our mode of living and labor imposes upon the nervous system. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent upon nervous exhaustion, impaired digestion, and a deteriorated and impoverished condition of the blood. The **SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE** is a great nerve food and nerve builder and this accounts for its marvellous power to cure the varied forms of nervous disease, such as Neuralgia, Nervousness, Nervous Prostration, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervous Choking, Nervous Paroxysms, Twitching of the Muscles, Hot Flashes, Mental Dependancy, Forgetfulness, Sleeplessness, Restlessness, Nervousness of Females, Palpitation of the Heart, Sexual Weakness, etc., etc..

**In Bed Six Years**  
HARTFORD CITY, Blackfoot Co., Indiana, June 8, '93.  
*South American Malaria Company.*

GENTLEMEN: I received a letter from you May 27, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of **SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE**, and asking for my testimonial. I will gladly state that I was an officer, and how I was delivered from my pain and suffering. I was near thirty-five years old, when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefiting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells, and there would be from eighteen to twenty days at a time that I could not retain anything on my stomach. Many consultations were held by physicians over my case, but they all agreed that I was incurable. I was then sent to Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my arms and legs, and could not walk, except, and after I lifted like a child; all the time suffering intensely, and taking almost any known medicine. Part of the time I could read a little, and one day saw an advertisement of your medicine and concluded to try one bottle. By the time I had taken one and one-half bottles I could rise up and take a step or two by being helped, and after I had taken five bottles in all I felt real well. The shaking went away, and I could walk and do almost anything. My friends could scarcely believe it was I. I am sure this medicine is the best in the world. It was a god-send to me, and I believe it saved my life. I give my name and address, so that if anyone doubts my statement they can write me, or our postmaster or any citizen, as all are acquainted with my case, and will be glad to see me. I wish to live as long as the Lord has use for me and do all the good I can in helping the suffering.

MISS ELLYN STOLT.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above, cure **you?**  
**A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS.**  
 To the Proprietor of South American Nerve,  
 DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending the great  
 SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE to all who are afflicted as I have been,  
 with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief  
 from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by  
 my druggist. I also told my wife to use it, who, I trust, is now  
 completely run down and was suffering very much from general  
 debility. She found great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE,  
 and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow sufferers.  
 (My Signature), *Rev W S Barker*

**Sick Headache.**  
Is dependent on deranged nerve centres and indigestion. Hence its cure must come through building up the Nervous System and curing the Stomach. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE will absolutely cure this dreaded malady and prevent its return.


My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk; I was had to handle her like an infant. Doctors and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC, and the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC the greatest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.

MRS. W. T. GRIMMER  
State of Indiana  
Monticeny County, Va.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 19, 1887.

**A WONDERFUL CURE FOR**  
**INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA,**  
Loss of Appetite, Weight and Tenderness in the Stomach, Sour Stomach,  
Pain in the Stomach, Wind upon the Stomach, Nausea and Sick Stomach,  
Sick-Headache, Hiccough, Water-Brash, Heartburn, Vertigo and Dizziness,  
Sleeplessness, Frightful Dreams, etc.

The Stomach suffers more than any of the other organs from disease, because into it are taken so many indigestible and irritating substances as articles of food. In its great effort to digest these, it soon becomes weakened and diseased. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful, that so many complain of indigestion and weak Stomachs. When the Stomach fails to digest and assimilate the food, the whole body falls into a state of weakness and decay. For Nature has decreed that the body must constantly receive nutriment through the Stomach, to repair the waste of tissue constantly going on in the system.

It's probably the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of all Chronic Stomach troubles, because it acts through the nerve centres. It gives marked relief in **one day**, and very soon effects a permanent cure. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.



**WHAT EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, REUBEN E. TRUAX, SAYS.**

I have been for about ten years very much troubled with indigestion, and dyspepsia, have tried many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try **SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE**. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I have found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow sufferers from the disease, to give **SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE** an immediate trial.

(My Signature) *Reuben E. Truax*

Walkerton, Ontario. Price, One Dollar  
**FOR SALE BY**  
**N. J. HALPIN Druggist**  
 Brandon, Manitob.

A Translation.  
A German student wrestling with the English language rendered a text as follows: "The ghost is willing, but the meat feeble."—Educational News.

ing on around me, they had my right hand bound and foot, and an eager crowd stood round my chair, praising my bravery and congratulating me on saving the large sum of money and capturing the boldest robber west of Canon, the famous Ed Dalton.

Was it bravery? Sometimes I think was foolhardiness, but it paid me well, for both railway and express companies rewarded me generously in money and advance of position. — Archie Eggleston.

W. A. BOWEN, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. 25c.




**Mr. Herman Hicks**  
of Rochester, N. Y.

Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I lost nearly my hearing and was dead for more than a year, unable to enjoy things to eat, but I had several physicians attempt to cure it. Improvement was apparent. I could distinguish no sound. I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it, and the expectation of any lasting benefit. To my surprise and great joy, when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had over three more. It is now over a year and I hear perfectly well. I am troubled but a little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend

FOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do  
purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

# WAR OF MEN

Weakness, Nerve



business, Debility, and all the ills that arise from early errors of diet, excesses, the results of overwork, indigestion, worry, etc.

Full strength, development and tone, a basis for every organ and portion of the body. Simple, rational methods. Immediate improvement seen. Indigestion, nervousness, 2 to 3 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

## CONSUMPTION

averted, or if too late to  
vert it it is *often cured* and

**Scott's**

**SCOLL'S**

## Emulsion

**The Cream of Cod-liver Oil**  
Cures Coughs, Colds and  
Weak Lungs. Physicians the

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

at & Bryan, Belleville. All Druggists. (No. 25)

W. A. BOWEN, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. 25c.



To Miss Mabel.  
You asked me, Miss Mabel, to write you some  
And nothing before such a pleasure I'd  
Did not I feel inwardly that the reverse is  
Exactly the case with my diffident Muse.  
Full far have I gone as a mortal might  
To Erato's feet and Prometheus' rock;  
The sweet Muse admitted your graces beyond  
her.  
The other declared I'd be killed by the  
shock.  
I thought then if Love could not give me some  
verses,  
Her sister, perchance, Polyhymnia might;  
I sought out the mountain where the Goddess re-  
sides,  
Submitted my prayer and got ready to  
write.  
"Alas!" she exclaimed, "the presumption of  
mortality!"  
(The phrase I have just quoted is straight from  
the Muse)  
And added, as I passed through her portals,  
"This language is nothing to what I might  
use."  
Yes, even as I told her that you were the fair  
one of whom my desire would lead me to write,  
She told me to go, and I went, and there she  
Might gather the fire which she had kindled.  
But through the wide range of her lyric  
dominion  
She said that no language had ever been  
known  
To fully express (if but give her opinion)  
Such graces as those you may claim for your  
own.  
To love then I went to present my petition  
High up where the thundering clamor of  
air,  
Believing that there some successful fruit  
Could secure full to be the result of my  
prayer.  
But soon as your name I attempted to mention  
He darkened his brow and he knew by his  
glide  
The thing was beyond his divine comprehen-  
sion.  
He did not allow me to come into the rest of the Gods,  
And gazed at my serious consideration  
(The Muse more like Mowat than John I'll  
admit)  
Then straightway dismissed me while still  
with vibration  
The Mount of Olympus as if in a fit.  
I've waited, and waited, and waited, and  
waited,  
Believe me, Miss Mabel, I've waited an age,  
Still hoping the answer, though somewhat be-  
hind,  
Would reach me in time to go down on this  
page.  
Alas! the unfounded presumption of mortals  
(The phrase is my own, I know it by rote)  
No answer comes through the Olympian por-  
tals,  
Not even a messenger say with a note.  
If all of the Gods, not to mention the Muses,  
Find language to fail in description so rare,  
You can't blame a mortal like me who refuses  
To try what the Gods have resigned in  
disgrace.  
STUART LIVINGSTON.

Signs of Hard Times.  
When people walk a mile or more  
To have a nickel for  
Who really thought a year ago  
They'd visit the World's Fair;  
When on the faces of the poor  
On street, in church, or hall,  
An anxious, harassed, hopeless look  
For string like beads, or beads like  
When honest folks with hearts for work,  
And ready for hard times,  
Can find no honest work to do,  
It's  
pretty  
hard  
times.  
When and where you're forced to beg  
And get out of the light of day,  
And look to see their neighbors round  
Cool seats and warm  
When in the paper of the day  
"Help Wanted" notices  
When you see old citizens and  
And hang out their signs—  
Although it may be for their good—  
It's  
pretty  
hard  
times.  
When greeters, butchers, bakers  
And the rest of the world,  
Refuse to take you when alive,  
Or bury you when you're dead;  
When church collections peter out,  
And you must do without;  
When prayers and the gospel for  
Just fifty cents a day;  
When you seek to raise their lot  
By giving them a coin or two,  
In hope they'll turn a coin,  
It's  
pretty  
hard  
times.  
Above Duties.  
Shall I tell you a tale that was told to me  
When the roses here crimson red,  
And the white lilies of the Hawthorn  
tree,  
Sifted blossoms upon my head  
In the dusk and the hush of the twilight  
glow?  
We wandered, my love and I,  
Till we came to the tree, with its breath of  
day,  
And lingered its cool shade by.  
"It is here that has lived since the years were  
ours  
Were to come to you now," said he,  
"And lead you away from your childhood's  
glow."  
Would you fear to trust him with me?  
For I count you a woman above those gems  
That only please the eye and the ear,  
And because your true worth their light over-  
whelms.  
I must ever be telling you so.  
"When I catch a warm gleam from your soft  
brown eyes  
It holds me more closely than they;  
For I know that your voice above them is  
high.  
As the words of the Good Book say,  
Then flash through the darkness and sunlight  
of life.  
Even more than those jewels to me,  
No name is more valued than those of 'a  
wife.'  
And I whispered 'yes' under the tree.

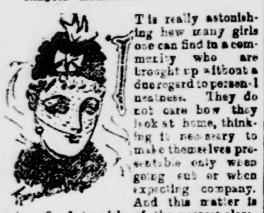
To H. H. H. the Princess of Wales.  
(Duchess of Cornwall at Fredericton)  
Beautiful Dame, with the fair and face,  
And the calm grand eyes we so love to  
see,  
Fondle, caress, with a queenly grace,  
And a sweet, grave, prosiduousity.  
They say thou hast felt thy first-born's death  
As mothers can only who love like thee;  
That the roses have left thy cheeks, and thou  
Hast pined for the furies and Norway's sea.  
In the wonderful light of the storm-clad hills,  
Where once thou didst the virgin snow,  
Thou hast wandered with thy fair daughters  
twin,  
Seeking for peace and for health I trow,  
We follow thy footstep with loving gaze,  
We sorrow with thee, be sure of that;  
And ever we watch for the sun's bright rays  
To brighten thy path. Ah! these we miss.  
In thine own home thou art now at rest,  
With those thou lovest, and with those thou  
lovest;  
Far from the madding crowd, 'tis best  
That thou shouldst be free from carking  
care.  
But yet remember thy island home,  
The people that hold thee all too dear,  
And come back soon, May the Peace of God  
Rest upon thee, thy life to cheer.  
"See King's Daughter from over the sea,"  
Our Laureate's greeting in years long past,  
"We are all of us here in our welcome to  
thee,  
And all of us loyal white life shall last.  
Heaven send thee safe to our shores again—  
We cannot spare thee, for we have thee;  
And joy come to thee, and never pain;  
Be happy, sweet Princess, for ever and aye,  
And all of us here in our welcome to  
thee."  
Author of "Anabel Vaughan."  
Aberdeen, September, 1894.

## WISE WORDS FOR WOMEN.

Girls Who Lose by Unkindness and Personal Bad Taste.

### MARRIED LADIES' TOILETTES.

should Not Be Pressed For Her Own?  
—Making the Best of Good Points—  
Artistic and Feminine Beauty—A Pie  
Chapter—Household Wisdom.



It is really astonishing how many girls one can find in matrimony who are brought up without a dearest-to-personal business. They do not care how they look at home, thinking it necessary to make themselves presentable only when going out or when expecting company. Often, indeed, among the poorest will be found those whose ladylike refinement is proclaimed by the scrupulous cleanliness and neat mending of their few garments. It is not pretty, then, which causes the difference in appearance, but the difference in the mind which is in order; it is not, the effort, but the desire to be a lady and a lack of proper home toilet.

Did you ever knock at a door and find a scolding of the kind accompanied by a woman in the house of several people, and be admitted only after waiting some time, if not by the time of the family or by one of the boys who, generally, is in the room?

It is not supposed to make much difference about them; it is only the reputation of the young woman that is at stake, principally from her husband's point of view.

It is not a woman's duty to account for her husband's behavior; it is his duty to account for his own. The husband's behavior is the result of the wife's behavior.

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something in it which was deeply interest-  
ing. Now what is usually written in  
these "household" books is just what most  
can admire for beyond the qualities of the  
fashion-plate beauty—a wealth of motherly  
love, an unwavering domestic constancy,  
and abundant common sense and a bright,  
inspiring, sunny disposition. It is a  
face which does not fade with years.

A Pie Chapter.

Pie Crust.—Rub thoroughly one cupful of  
lard into two cupfuls of flour to which has  
been added a little salt. Mix with enough  
water to make a soft paste, but which can  
be rolled out thinly. Do not handle  
more than necessary, as upon that and the  
coldness of the water depends its flakiness.  
Have the filling of the pies ready before  
making the crust, as it should not stand  
before using.

Apple Pie.—Pare and chop raw apples to  
a pulp; sweeten, and beat in two table-  
spoons of whipped cream. Have the  
pastry already baked and fill with the apple  
mixture. Spread whipped cream over the  
top and serve immediately.

Blackberry Pie.—Cover the plate with  
pastry; heap with blackberries; cover with  
sugar and salt a saltspoonful of oil; and a  
tablespoonful of molasses or syrup. Salt  
takes away acidity.

Cranberry Pie.—Stew cherries; add sugar  
and three table-spoons of water; sprinkle  
a table-spoonful of flour over the fruit and  
add butter in small bits before putting on  
the upper crust. Bake in warm oven.

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add butter in small bits before putting on  
the upper crust. Bake in warm oven.

Cranberry Pie.—Pare and chop raw apples to  
a pulp; sweeten, and beat in two table-  
spoons of whipped cream. Have the  
pastry already baked and fill with the apple  
mixture. Spread whipped cream over the  
top and serve immediately.

Cranberry Pie.—Stew cherries; add sugar  
and three table-spoons of water; sprinkle  
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IT SEEMS TOO SMALL  
to do any good, when you  
look at one of Dr. Pierce's  
Pleasant Pellets. And yet  
try it, when you're bilious  
or constipated, or have a  
sour stomach, or a fit of  
indigestion—and you'll own  
up that they're the best  
things in the world.  
That's because they cure  
permanently, and do it  
pleasantly. They're tiny,  
sugar-coated, and easy to  
take. There's no distur-  
bance to the system, dis-  
satisfaction guaranteed, or  
money refunded.

Houston, Tex.  
Dr. R. V. Pierce: Dear Sir—I could tell  
of a number of cases where Dr. Pierce's Family  
Medicine has cured. A friend of mine, Mr.  
Williams, was about used up with liver trou-  
ble, now he says that "Pleasant Pellets" have  
helped him more than any or all the medicines  
that he has ever taken.

James Colby

the Young Man in Business.  
Be sure to get it.  
Be honest in everything.  
Avoid liars of all kinds.  
Get into a business you like.  
Sleep eight hours every night.  
If you must smoke, smoke moderately.  
Do everything that means keeping in  
good health.

Soon discussion on two points—religious  
and politics.  
Don't yourself not worry; worry kills,  
worry does.  
Employ caution; think out a thing before  
you enter upon it.

And lastly, but not least—Marry a true  
woman, and have your own home.

Comfort from the Conductor.  
The train had stopped at a station and  
several men had alighted, as was their  
custom, to stretch their legs on the platform,  
and when it started again, one of the men  
who had alighted a little too far off was left  
behind.

In a minute or two there was a loud  
scream and a woman rushed up to the con-  
ductor and exclaimed excitedly: "You  
left my husband behind at that last station."

"Never mind, ma'am," replied the  
conductor, "calm yourself. We shall be at  
Chicago in three hours and then you can  
get another husband."

Missy's Remedy Up to Date.  
Dainty bedroom papers are much in de-  
mand, and wonderfully beautiful some  
of them. The one fault in rooms of any  
class is lack of character and a somewhat  
faded, commonplace, but even that has  
been obtained by a clever device. In the home  
of a recent bride of artistic tastes the walls  
of the guest room are papered with a design  
of pale pink upon creamy white ground, and  
the effect of the pale pink is entirely en-  
hanced by a bordering of olive-olive paper.

Each of the four walls has become a panel,  
and the panel in turn runs around all sides,  
so that the wall, tender pink is enclosed in  
a frame, and the room as a whole gains the  
dignity that it desires.

Don't Forget  
That to remove corners, warts, bunions  
in a few days, all that is required is to apply  
the old and well-tested corn cure—Pat-  
ent White-Corn Extractor. Sure, safe,  
painless. At drug stores.

Yankee Doodle.  
"Yankee Doodle" was written by Dr.  
Richard Schuchburg (whose commission  
dates 1737) in the French and Indian war of  
1758, under General Jeffrey Amherst, and  
was introduced as a "take-off" on the "rag  
time," and "boogie" records of the colonies  
that came into the army. It "took" so  
well, however, that the Americans have  
ever adopted it, and would not part with it  
for anything.

The first stanza,  
"Fadeth and I went down to camp,"  
were in the Boston Journal in 1768, and the  
first record of the tune is in Arnold's "Two  
to One," 1781; so that "Yankee Doodle,"  
although written by a British soldier, is  
really American.—Boston Transcript.

Immense numbers of these cured of  
rheumatism by using McCollen's Rheuma-  
tic Remedy, testify that they could not get  
permanent benefit from any other treat-  
ment. It is really put up in 32.00 bottles  
by W. A. McCollen, Tillamook, Ore., and  
sold by wholesale druggists of Montreal,  
Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg and  
by retail druggists generally.

A Remedy for Toothache.  
Melt white wax or sperm-candle, two parts  
and when melted add one part of salicylic  
acid, and one part of chloroform, and mix  
well; it will melt in the mouth. While  
salicylic acid is in the mouth, it will  
draw out the inflammation, and the wax  
will draw out the inflammation, and the  
chloroform will draw out the inflammation.

Men locked in jail are always in favor of  
chickens.  
A teaspoonful of baking soda, dry, will  
cure hiccoughs.

Shiloh's Cure.  
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore  
Throat. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c.  
For a Large Size, Box or Chest Shiloh's Person  
Pill will give great satisfaction.—25c each.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.  
Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will remove  
and cure you. Price 25c. The Injector for  
the nose and throat. Price 25c. The Injector  
for the nose and throat. Price 25c.

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A GIRL'S PICTURE.<







